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Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVII. Philadelphia, September 16, 1837. Whole No. 842.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MORNING.

BY CHARLES HEM BARRETT.

The misty mists, with purple tint,
Faintly illumine the eastern sky,
While from earth's dew bespangled sprout,
Ambrosial odors gently rise.

Silent still holds the wide domain,
The Sephyrs slumber in the shade,
The brook that wind along the plain,
Scarce murmurs to the fallering glade.

No songster breathes his joyous lay—
No tuneful strain the dewy valley—
Of the late revelries of night,
For sleep still nods o'er hill and dale.

Where sorrow ing grief forgets to sigh,
There, Morn, thy balmy gifts are kept,
And with thy sapient seal she eyes—
Yon eye that only wakes to weep.

But while I speak the prospects change,
The warbler dances upon the air,
And lowing herds the pasture range,
Refresh'd with sleep and free from care.

All nature smiles—all nature sings,
And so the children, when they rise,
Each part a grateful tribute brings,
The whole creation gives His praise.

He thou my lay! my languid soul,
An indolent spectator still,
While clouds of cheerful incense roll,
To Him who rules above our sphere.

Before Him our dull thoughts arise,
When Morning beams thine eyes shall close,
And let the strokes of Evening hour,
That still strikes dead His vacant cousins.
Philadelphia, September, 1837.

A VISION OF PURGATORY.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ.

The church-yard of Inistubber, is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day, around on a winter's night. It is situated in a grove valley—for there is nothing green in the barren bowlder hills, on which there is nothing green to be seen, save the stunted heath, grass or weed. The country beyond those hills is pleasant and smiling; the fields of corn, fair clumps of oaks, sparkling streams, and here and there beautifully lodging the grassy, which gently undulates round and round, for the eye can reach, and there set forth on the outskirts of Inistubber-hill, and you look upon desolation. There is nothing to see but, down in the valley, the church-yard, and the road to it, the road, and the long, dark grass growing over the graves, and mingling with the melancholy sighing of the barrenness of the hills around. It is a thing to reflect that the only green spot in the whole springs from the dead.

Under the east window is a mouldering vault of De Lacys, a branch of a family descended from the Lacys of Normandy, who came over with the Conqueror, and there the allotted time calls them to the dust. On these occasions, the people are summoned from the adjoining districts in all the people of the parish, and there is a general wake. The lonely hill-side is alive with the shimmering train of mourners, all wending their way to the burial place—the church-yard of Inistubber, get up their best grief, or the laugh escaping from the mirth-making under the cloak of mourning. Such was the case with those funerals of the last of the De Lacys died, he not written in history; nor is it necessary to inquire. He had lived and died unknown, and his name was not to be found in the parish register. A good-humoured, careless, thoughtless man, he had squandered away the property of his household; provided that the hounds were in order for his going out, and the table ready for his coming in, he cared for no more. A single, a quiet master, a lenient magistrate (except to those who had the misfortune to be poachers), a jolly companion, and a sincere friend—and there was the character of the last of the De Lacys. He died one evening while laughing at a story which he had heard regularly all the day before, and which he had heard regularly all the day before, and which he continued to hear regularly all the day after, and was laughing still when the clock struck twelve.

In former days, when the De Lacys were buried, there was a grand breakfast, and all the party rode over to the church to see the last rites paid. The hearse preceded, but the coaches were left at the gate before the funeral, and a dinner after it—and there was the end of it, with the march of mind comes trouble and vexation. Now, the funeral is a mere assembly of gentlemen in his coffin—unless it be a poor one, and then it is a mere assembly of paupers—and that Sir Theodore De Lacy held it in especial horror. It was, therefore, a matter of much discussion at the three-o'clock dining after we when Dr. dead By the God of War, I'd break every bone in his body, if I could get at him. I'd like to see the man that'd not be able to take my own part then, upon my honour. I mean to say twenty, to watch me three miles and three nights after, and not have enough of me. There's Doctor Dickenson there, I see him following at a respectful distance. Doctor, how's your health? and shoot him. Larry, do you hear what I say? Take a rock, if ye've none handy, spring up on your old mother's back, and shoot him, Bothother."

Why, then," Larry answered, accepting the pleasant hint, followed this command, "long life to both your honours; and it's I that would like to be putting a bullet into the head of that murthering villain, and lame—for hauling your honour away, as there was no horse to be had, to a bonfire. There's nothing I desire you, plase your honour, and I'll be proud give no greater pleasure."

We feel obliged, Larry," said Sir Theodore, "for your good wishes."

Isn't it pull you out of the grave, indeed?" continued Larry, in a tone of pleasant banter. "I'd be ready pull your honour out of any place, saving the presence company, and that I'd pull you myself, of I saw you going there."

I am of opinion, Larry," said Dr. Dickenson, "that you would think, that if I was not dead, I ought to be that rose. You might go further, and face worse, I know."

Turn tail!" replied Larry, "it is I that would'nt! I appale to St. Patrick himself over beyond—according to a picture of him that I have at home, in which hung to gilt dashery behind his master's head—to turn tail to him."

To Larry's horror and astonishment, the picture flying its eyes upon him, winked with the most unrelenting look of intelligence at him.

What makes you turn so white then at the very mintion of the name of St. Patrick?" said the doctor, interpreting the visible consternation of Larry by his own fears.

Nothing particular," answered Larry; "but a dizziness has come over me all of a sudden, gentlemen, and I would have no objection, I'd like to go home for a bit."

Larry knew of course granted and Larry retired amid the laughter of the guests—but as he retired, he could not avoid casting a glance on the fatal picture—and again it winked with the most insidious smile. It was impossible to explain away. It was impossible to account for it on any of the principles of optics. Larry stared in an agony of fright and amazement.

May be, thought he, 'it might be my own eyes that are bothering me, and not the picture. But no—he winked at me as plain as ever winked at a living man, and he's not living, neither. What he means by it I can't say—but there's no use of thinking about it—no, nor of talking neither. It's myself that's in for it, I'm afraid."

The next evening Sir Theodore died, as has been already mentioned, and the last thing that was heard according to the custom of the family was lighted in the church-yard of Inistubber. All was prepared for the wake. The coffin was placed upon the jovial knight—and if he had not, he probably within fifteen miles that could be suspected of such a thing—and the wake was determined to make good his promise of watching him. "I think little of seeing a lot to him, by the way of no harm, when he was alive," said he, sipping his eye, as soon as the last of the train had departed, leaving him with a single companion in the lonely cemetery; "but now that he's dead—God rest his soul!—I'd scorn it. No Jack Kinsley, as behoves my first cousin's son, stay by me now here this blessed night, for betune (between) you and I, it isn't lucky to stay by one's self in this ramated old rookery, where ghosts, God help us, is as thick as bottles in Sir Theodore's cellar."

Never you mind that, Larry," said Kinsley, a discharged soldier, who had been through all the campaigns of the Peninsula; "never mind, I say, Larry—nothing. Han't I lain in bivouack on the cowld ground, in Portugal and Spain, and the Pyrinnees, and many another place beside, where there was dead corpses lying about in piles, and there was no more ghosts than kneebuckles in a regiment of Highlanders. Here, let me prime them pieces, and hand us over the bottle; we'll stay under this east window, for the wind's coming down the hill, and I defy—"

"None of that bould talk, Jack," said his cousin; "as for what ye saw in foreign parts, of dead men killed in battle—and sure it's myself that is bad—God rest 'em! that's thrue, for sure, they had company one with the other, and being killed foreninst the other, and no heart to offer; but here, faith! 'tis a horse of another colour."

"May be it is," said Jack, "but the night's coming on; so I'll turn in. Wake me if you sees any thing; and after I've got my two hours' rest, I'll relieve you."

With these words the soldier turned on his side, and—if silence be a sign—was in the dreamless land. seem rather copious during the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural evidence had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy.

Although Larry did not espouse the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended contrivances to whistle away unpleasant thoughts—he whistled, but the echo sounded so sad and dismal that he did not venture to repeat the experiment. Then he sang—but no more than the first line had passed his lips he found it impossible to get out a stave, for the words stuck in his throat—his various walls was destruction to all earthly harmony; he cheered his throat—he hemmed—he sang—but the sound died away in a hoarse whisper. He waited sincerely that Sir Theodore had gone to heaven—and he cared not suggest even to himself, just then, the existence of any other place—and instead of leaving on him the perilous task of guarding his burial-place, he felt desperately as if the dead dead knight would be the better for his company. He looked fearfully at Jack Kinsley added to the horrors of the scene—and he felt that the sight of a corpse, or another of grief beside him was frogastic, it is more to be despised in the midst of mortality, than one dead at on the score of metaphysics. He whose resources our hero too severely, has never watched the sleep of a dead knight in the dead hours of night, Inistubber, at midnight.

The moon, in all its splendid, decent, quite (quiet), well-behaved church-yard aself," thought Larry, half-aloud—but when 'tis a place like this forsaken—and forsaken, indeed, it is, for never be villany—

For what, Larry?" said a gentleman, stepping out of the window which contained the only statue time fool spared. "For what, Larry, may I ask you?" said he, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had not the slightest doubt that it was the hearty and merry voice of Inistubber, at midnight.

"For what, Larry," said the gentleman, "for what do you say the churchyard is noted?"

"Why, then, plase your honour, it is noted," replied Larry, "except the height of gentility."

The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in white satin, and he rather rolled flowing cloak, if, in point of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all claim to be termed by so appellation. He wore an antique mitre upon his head, his fadenade society of the upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral staff. There was a mild and venerable cast in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not be well said to be grizzled—it was white, but it had in it a principle of profusion, stiffer than that of a *few* on a frosty morning—and his hair, or wig, was of the same hue covered to his horror, on looking up at the mitre, it was no other than Saint Culnan himself, who had died in the odour of sanctity, and whose relics and stigma cast by the watcher of the dead on the church-door, and which still remain as a pattern.

He smiled with a grisly solemnity—for such a smile as you might imagine would play round the face of a petrified corpse, if, at the same time, it retained its sanctimonious, and eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not be well said to be grizzled—it was white, but it had in it a principle of profusion, stiffer than that of a *few* on a frosty morning—and his hair, or wig, was of the same hue as, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had the usual quantity of a head's hair in the hearty part of Inistubber, at midnight.

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HUMAN LOVE.—By sea, by flood, every day's outrage and a life, strikes the heart for pure sedire mishaps that flesh is heir to. Can o... elsewhere catalogue answer to these feelings or national proposals to vindicate the lacerated, the untimely doom of suffering mortals, launched into eternity? Is life a thing of so little concern, fit only to be sported with? Sad, sickening thought! And yet deluded man, full of confidence and hope, commits himself to the sad destinies that prompt us to the search after rest. What country, where reason rules, or human providence is consulted so prodigal of life, so reckless of consequences? In quest of pleasure or honor on some pecuniary advantage, man rushes through peril to destruction, like a fleeting cloud that rides the horizon, and resigns existence,—Where, oh! where, shall distracted hope direct her wearying eyes for cure and remedy? Shall we not look to the wisdom of the national councils, the author of our blessings, the palladium of our safety? Yes, and let the unanimous voice of the nation go forth in one universal expression of the horrence for the sad destruction of human life, that has sent thousands within the brief space of one year to an untimely grave, and left the hapless parent or weeping widow to mourn and sorrow unassisted. The melancholy subject has become national in its character, of mighty import to the whole Union, but of more absolving interest to the west, the scene of suffering and disaster, where the genius of Fulton has worked good and blessed to thousands. If any subject ever addressed itself to Congress with sincere and fervent appeal, it is this. Oh! for an Ames, that would strike a feeling, and awakened sympathy in every breast beyond the mountains, by the thunder of his eloquence. It has been passed over too long for the credit of the nation; and now, as it were, forces itself on public attention.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The New English Throne.—The new Throne, upon which her Majesty receives addresses, is fixed in the palace. It is a most magnificent piece of furniture. The platform, upon which the gorgeous chair is placed, is sixteen feet long by ten, and raised three steps from the floor.—It is covered with crimson velvet pile carpeting, over which a canopy is suspended eighteen feet in height, decorated with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, interwoven with foliage, and surmounted by a beautifully carved crown and cushion. The drapery is composed of the richest crimson velvet, of English manufacture, lined with lutestring of the same tone. The throne is composed of velvet panelled, with a massive gold rose. Similar decorations are used in forming the drapery of the inside valance. The valance on the outside is of a different design, and is trimmed with two rows of gold lace, and finished with a deep gold fringe. The curtains, which are exceedingly full, are fastened in a novel manner, and are looped up with a gold rope and tassels, the whole forming one of the most beautiful structures imaginable. The chair is covered with crimson velvet, and is richly carved and gilt, and embroidered with rows of deep gold lace. The footstool corresponds in color and magnificence with the decorations above and around the throne.

HEIGHT OF NONSENSE.—For two men, composed of real flesh and blood, to stand up like two targets, to be shot at, upon a mere point of honor.

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
By WM. A. FUDD, 32 South 3d Street.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1837.

Amount.	Par	Last sale	Increase or decrease	Remarks
Loans.				
Philadel.	100	103	103½		
Penna. 6 per cent.	100	105	105½		In July.
Penna. 5 per cent.	100	90	90		Late Jan.
Penna. 5 per cent.	1840	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1841	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1842	100	99	1/2	
Penna. 5 per cent.	1843	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1844	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1845	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1846	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1847	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1848	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1849	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1850	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1851	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1852	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1853	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1854	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1855	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1856	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1857	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1858	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1859	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1860	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1861	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1862	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1863	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1864	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1865	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1866	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1867	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1868	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1869	100	100		
Penna. 5 per cent.	1870	100	100		
Ohio 6 per cents.	1856	100	100	110	
Ohio 6 per cents.	1860	100	100	110	
Bank Stocks.					
United States,	100	110½	110½	July	4
Pennsylvania,	100	41½	41½	July	4
Pennsylvania,	100	40	40	July	4
Philadelphia,	50	50	50	July	4
Farmers and Mechanics,	50	30½	30½	July	4
Girard,	50	30½	30½	July	4
Commercial,	50	42	42	April	3
Southwark,	50	42	42	April	3
Northern Liberties,	50	43	43	May	3
Kensington,	50	50	50	May	3
Schuylkill,	50	49	49	May	3
Commonwealth,	50	50	50	May	3
Penn Township,	50	55	55	May	3
Southwark,	50	55	55	May	3
Kensington,	50	55	55	May	3
Manufacturers & Mechanics'	50	55	55	May	3
Mechanics' Banking Assoc.	50	55	55	May	3
Farmers' &c. Bank,	50	55	55	May	3
Bank of Penn Township,	50	55	55	May	3
Commonwealth of Pennsylv.	50	40	40	May	3
Commercial Bank of Penn.	50	50	50	July	4
Consolidated,	50	50	50	July	4
Schuylkill Bank Clear mass.	100	90	90	July	4
Lafayette Bk. of Clear mass.	100	90	90	Jan.	4
St. Mark's Bk. Penn. Dist.	50	50	50	Jan.	4
N. Delaware Canal Bank,	100	90	90	Jan.	4
N. Penn. Bank,	100	90	90	Jan.	4
N. O. Commercial do.	100	90	90	Jan.	4
U. States & Trade Co.	50	50	50	Jan.	4
N. O. Gas,	50	15½	15½	Jan.	4
Canal Bank,	100	100	100	July	4
Penn Bank, Tennessee,	100	94	94	July	4
Louisville do.	100	90	90	July	4
Farmers, at Natchez,	100	92	100	July	4
Agricultural,	100	90	90	July	4
Com. A.B.E. Chesapeake,	95	67	67	Sept.	3
Farmers' Bank Virginia,	100	90	90	Sept.	3
Farmers' Bank Tennessee,	100	90	90	Sept.	3
Bank of Rutland,	100	90	90	Sept.	3
Bank Republic,	100	90	90	Sept.	3
Bank Burlington,	100	90	90	Sept.	3
West Township,	50	55	55	May	3
Insurance Stocks.					
North America,	100	112	113	Jan.	
Pennsylvania,	100	110	110	Feb.	
Philadelphia,	100	100	100	Feb.	
Delaware,	100	100	100	Feb.	
Fire Association,	50	50	50	Feb.	
Franklin,	50	50	50	June	
Marine,	50	50	50	June	
Mutual,	50	50	50	June	
Schuylkill,	50	50	50	June	
Commercial,	50	50	50	June	
Union,	50	28	28	July	
Kensington,	50	50	50	July	
Kensington Life Insurance,	100	100	100	July	
Pennsylvania Fire Insurance,	100	100	100	July	
Philadelphia Fire Insurance,	100	62	62½	April	
Penn Township,	50	55	55	May	
Delaware Mutual Fire Insur.	50	50	50	May	
Schuylkill Fire Insurance,	50	50	50	May	
Kensington Fire Insurance,	50	50	50	May	
Delaware Fire Insurance,	50	50	50	May	
Franklin Fire Insurance,	50	50	50

JOHNSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, September 16, 1837.

ABSENTEES.

Capt. S. Somerill, Carey Gay and *Harris Hillman* have eloped from Urquhart's store, Virginia, each leaving debts on our books, unliquidated. They are requested to bear their delinations in mind, when they become settled and able to pay them.

Joseph Matthews, late of Salisbury, Md. has gone "to the West," due 1 year and 9 months for his board, &c. Somebody will let us know his residence, and a reason why his bill should not be paid. His best apology will be current notes.

Albert H. Adams has *retreated* from the Academy, Virginia—without giving us notice of his leave, or the settlement of his account by the Executor.

In all our difficulty with those who have sought proper to remove from our notice, we have never met with an instance of such impudent robbery as that exhibited on the part of the *Orphan of Mooresville*, Alabama. In reply to our respectful request for the settlement of accounts against him, we have been unquoted by the presidents of Banks and Insurance companies, the further injury of paying double postage—in his last communication, he throws aside the character of a gentleman, declared he never possessed it; and pours forth a torrent of vulgar abuse which would disgrace the vilest Billingsgate hall. Knowing that he will not refuse the payment of a just debt, but threatens us with vengeance and assassination in the event of ever meeting us. A man so completely destitute of honor and principle, can be no better than a swindler; and as low breed a coward as Alabama can possibly produce. We commend his case to the geographical anecdotes of this swine in human form: for the present his threats and himself are parried with the contempt they so well deserve. It might be justified in a further expression of indignation at such base conduct, was it not for the consideration, that it would give encouragement to a miscreant, were we to dwell longer on the virulent outpourings of malicious falsehood, incurrious vituperation. We have no desire of the consequence to knaves, destined by nature for obscurity, or just punishment; and trust those who merit exclusion from all honorable society.

Although this paper stands neutral in the strife of political parties, yet there are periods when the general good we stray from our prescribed path, to point out the erratic course of others, the derangement of business, and the embarrassment existing in the pecuniary affairs of the country seem to demand a passing notice. Our mere desire is for the relief of the community. We feel rather from what motive it may. It matter of indifference to us, what set of men, or claim the glory, so the deed be accomplished.

There is certainly an honest difference of opinion as to the means by which this consummation of our hopes is to be effected, but we feel the anticipation that the jarring elements of the *treasonable* and industry again receive appropriate reward.

COUNTERFEITS.

Procured named George Gordon, was arrested in this city, a few days since, for circulating counterfeit notes of the "Exchange Bank of Louisiana." He had passed off twenty-six to individual. When arrested he had 1000 of these notes in his pocket. After his arrest Gordon was committed for trial by Alderman Binns.

The dollar notes of the *Western Kensington Bank* of Louisville are in circulation. There is such institution in existence.

These are badly executed counterfeit one dollar notes of the Bank of Louisville are in circulation in that city.

Caution.—Counterfeit 5's are in circulation in Philadelphia County Loan. They are not than the genuine note, and the engraving very coarsely executed. The paper is than the genuine.

DENTALURGY.

Still a multitude of comforts, conveniences, and luxuries are the donations of modern inventions with, which our ancestors wot not of! would fill a newspaper, even if compressed into a single paragraph. Among these may be enumerated Mr. Many are the artists who have endeavored in vain to set off beauty, and relieve and among the list of unsuccessful candidates may be ranked Mr. S. W. Stockton, who took the silver medal at the late fair of the Franklin Institute. Mr. Stockton spoke for himself in our

SPEED OF THE MESSAGE.

Evidence of the ease and expedition with intelligence can be transmitted from one another of our extensive country, is found in the transmission of the President's the 5th inst. The distance between Washington and Philadelphia was accomplished in about hours and forty minutes, a distance of one hundred miles. From Philadelphia to Trenton, a of thirty miles, in one hour and twenty

steamboat Robert L. Stevens left New half past 11 o'clock, and arrived at Alfew minutes after ten the next morning, Tuesday, making an average of 10 miles per the steamboat has since made the same in the first account of the President's Philadelphia and Trenton, and of the notice of the

Atlantic.—We often hear complaints, and they are always attributable to the distance from New Haven to Worcester performed by horses in about six hours and distance from New Haven to Hartford, road, in one hour and seventeen minutes. road express arrived at Boston in twenty-four a half, which was one hour and a half less usual symptoms of the passengers on board school. She was lowered to the family, and the unfortunate boatman was remarked for a short time after he short period of health, the proximity of the ocean, and the pure passion by descending to the sea-shore. ing stomach, and the collected upon her deck. The poor re- feel hands and arms

When the father re- Mr. Whittaker, the

Forest.—Two numbers of a small daily during this title, are on our desk. As to be a paper worthy the name, we are below, but the tone to which the leading are conceived is moderate, and exposes to the public the views of the party. We have also received a pamphlet, entitled, a letter from Governor Seward, on the subject of Common Schools, addressed to the Citizens of Auburn. The letter is dated

Mr. Lyon committing of the Bank of the Metropolis, 20 persons in 19 days! Mr. Lyon is an attraction at this theatre, where he has been performing for the last week. He is open present at any of his performances, and therefore unable to speak with propriety of his merits.

COOKE'S CIRCUS.

This place of amusement still continues to attract, to numerous company of spectators. The performances are excellent, and decorum and propriety of conduct are enforced. The company is numerous, and the horses are passionate, and will not break the well established rules of

VARIETIES.

and lady dined with the the new palace, on le

thans, died on the 6th

Louis Banqarte—

erican ornithologist, died

he peculiar object of ch and English jour- indictment were at the ration, at the latest ad- g armies were com-

had been surprised ed, and put to Gen. Gen. Alcala, a the 25th of July ult. expedition had reat Pueblo de Jose- patched from Mexi- h orders to proceed command of the con- be believed, for, as State for the war ery part of the re- and it was thought ed the Toledo with ant of necessa- t Reporter's arri- inhabitants for the

n of the 21st July ul- station had removed ed the prisoners, which the prisoners were ommand of the con- ed to Mexico.

ange, Aug. 9, 31.

ews well informed ted Mexican gov- between the contending

The number of to be from 20 to 25 ere is a growing in a manufactory, were so swelled ago as to be incapable About 1200 U. S. Bank within the past week ve operations at its office in- ys hitherto been en- ed to the Bank of ew York city will be New Orleans, Sta-

ted Paterson, 12th ed Patterson, 12th ng to decrease, for na- ing the general good ad stray from our prescrib- path, to point out the erratic course of others. derangement of business, and the embarrassment existing in the pecuniary affairs of the country seem to demand a passing notice. Our mere desire is for the relief of the community. We feel rather from what motive it may. It matter of indifference to us, what set of men, or claim the glory, so the deed be accomplished.

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These are badly executed counterfeit one dollar notes of the Bank of Louisville are in circulation in that city.

Caution.—Counterfeit 5's are in circulation in Philadelphia County Loan. They are not than the genuine note, and the engraving very coarsely executed. The paper is than the genuine.

DENTALURGY.

Still a multitude of comforts, conveniences, and luxuries are the donations of modern inventions with, which our ancestors wot not of! would fill a newspaper, even if compressed into a single paragraph. Among these may be enumerated Mr. Many are the artists who have endeavored in vain to set off beauty, and relieve and among the list of unsuccessful candidates may be ranked Mr. S. W. Stockton, who took the silver medal at the late fair of the Franklin Institute. Mr. Stockton spoke for himself in our

SPEED OF THE MESSAGE.

Evidence of the ease and expedition with intelligence can be transmitted from one another of our extensive country, is found in the transmission of the President's the 5th inst. The distance between Washington and Philadelphia was accomplished in about hours and forty minutes, a distance of one hundred miles. From Philadelphia to Trenton, a of thirty miles, in one hour and twenty

steamboat Robert L. Stevens left New half past 11 o'clock, and arrived at Alfew minutes after ten the next morning, Tuesday, making an average of 10 miles per the steamboat has since made the same in the first account of the President's Philadelphia and Trenton, and of the notice of the

Atlantic.—We often hear complaints, and they are always attributable to the distance from New Haven to Worcester performed by horses in about six hours and distance from New Haven to Hartford, road, in one hour and seventeen minutes. road express arrived at Boston in twenty-four a half, which was one hour and a half less usual symptoms of the passengers on board school. She was lowered to the family, and the unfortunate boatman was remarked for a short time after he short period of health, the proximity of the ocean, and the pure passion by descending to the sea-shore. ing stomach, and the collected upon her deck. The poor re- feel hands and arms

When the father re- Mr. Whittaker, the

Forest.—Two numbers of a small daily during this title, are on our desk. As to be a paper worthy the name, we are below, but the tone to which the leading are conceived is moderate, and exposes to the public the views of the party. We have also received a pamphlet, entitled, a letter from Governor Seward, on the subject of Common Schools, addressed to the Citizens of Auburn. The letter is dated

Mr. Lyon committing of the Bank of the Metropolis, 20 persons in 19 days! Mr. Lyon is an attraction at this theatre, where he has been performing for the last week. He is present at any of his performances, and therefore unable to speak with propriety of his merits.

COOKE'S CIRCUS.

This place of amusement still continues to attract, to numerous company of spectators. The performances are excellent, and decorum and propriety of conduct are enforced. The company is numerous, and the horses are passionate, and will not break the well established rules of

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury accompanying the President's Message to Congress, is a very voluminous document, occupying ten columns in the Globe, we have been compelled to condense ourselves to these parts, which at the present crisis demand the greatest attention. It is remarkable for possessing the characteristic feature of the message: a perspicuous statement of facts, unmixed with the office-holders, while the public distress, and the affairs of the country are deemed of little moment. Such a mere hasty communication is never made by a public officer to the Representatives of the people.

The document itself is divided systematically into eight chapters, which bear the respective titles—1. Condition of the Treasury. 2. On the postponement of the payment of bonds for duties. 3. Obstacles in the way of transferring the last instalment of deposites to the States. 4. Difficulties in paying the appropriations, and on the *Collection of Treasury notes*. 5. On the safe keeping of the public money. 6. On the settlement with former Deposite Banks. 7. On the money receivable for public dues. 8. Some general suggestions and remedies for the present embarrassments.

Amid the prolixity and involution of Mr. Secretary Woodbury we arose in admiration, now, for the first time, officially declared to the people, that with twelve or fifteen millions of dollars in the Treasury, exclusive of that deposited with the States, he would not call on Congress for aid, till a sufficient sum can be collected to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government.

The report goes very much at large into an elucidation of the new treasury bank system, already established by act of Congress. The first system for the safe keeping and disbursement of the public revenue, is an enlargement and more complete adaptation of the mode now in operation, and established under the act of 1816. To answer all necessary purposes, if some additional duties were assigned to the existing treasury officers said establishment.

The second plan to which the Secretary obviously inclines, is more amply developed, and proposes a new organization, by means of commissioners, to be appointed by the President, in consequence anticipates the appointment of additional officers, at an increased annual expense now estimated at fifty or sixty thousand dollars, which on a moderate calculation must soon in reality, reach double or treble the amount.

The evils which most inevitably result from the connexion of the Government long ago, are manifest by the very men who now advocate it, and denounced in the very paper where it is urged. Corruption will be rife among the people. Should Wing has asserted that the Globe was extremely opposed to the plan of National Subtreasuries, when in the year 1834, it was proposed and supported by Gen. Gordon. To prove the correctness of the assertion made by the Wing, the National Gazette of Sept. 12th, contained the following article from the Globe on the subject, contained in a number of that paper, dated May 28, 1834, revised by the Madisonian, and established beyond a doubt as follows:

"THE PROPOSITION IS DISORGANIZING AND REVOLUTIONARY, SUBVERSIVE OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND OF ITS ENTIRE PRACTICE, FROM 1789 DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

"*It is so palpable as the sun, that the effect of the scheme would be to keep the public treasure out of the hands of the people, and out of the control of the President thus it is no, and how, it would be done, is a MATTER OF HUNDRED HANDS, where one could not reach it.*

What a wonderful change is sometimes made in the opinions of men, without any assignable cause, unless it be that the one must bow to the caprice of his master. Three short years ago the Sub-Treasury plan was all that is revolutionary, disorganizing, and subversive; now it is financial scheme, pure and perfect, admirably adapted to the wants of the country, and in harmony with its republican institutions. Strange things these things be, and not excite our special wonder.

Gentlemen's Magazine.—The September number of this periodical is rich in articles of more than common merit, enlivened as they are with wit and genius. The American public owe many obligations to Isaac Lea, of the Globe on the enterprise among their own citizens. In New York, and Boston a monthly magazine, we believe, is not supported, and shall this great undertaking be suffered to languish and expire in the ability of its facetious editor we look for the resources to be supported. The article is headed "Which, or Conscience," and is from the pen of a gentleman of a persuasive, and that while it amused, improved the understanding. Originality is the soul of the reading as follows:—"No other than the Editor of Dod's Parliamentary Companion—1837. We could a memorandum-book for reading, and examined the package contained, as the Editor says, 'about 500 pages of manuscript—1837.' And as written in the original, it would be from end to end. The very first page of the writing, and inscribed in a fair, close print, per cubic inch. We often think of the Editor, and the dollar, as we understand her, which she received for the labor. We can only say, that with the closest scrutiny. The seal of Mr. Colwell was unbroken, and to turn the letter, or to read it, was impossible. With every pay in vain impossible. After our return to the city, and on the Monday evening of the publication of Mr. Colwell, to ascertain whether the reading of the letter was suggested, and shall this paper be in his reply.

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"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of the Treasury report to this House whether a better system of keeping the public money, than that of intrusting it to be addressed to him by the Clerk of the House of Representatives, offering payment in specie to members of Congress, is susceptible, if so, to what other claimants on the Treasury a similar offer has been made, and what principle of discrimination, if any, has been adopted in the medium of payment in the public credit-

In support of this resolution Mr. Biddle made the following remarks, which we republish as reflects this measure will produce if persisted in.

The specie could be diverted at pleasure from its legitimate destination to the Treasury, from which it might suit the interests of the bore to conciliate or reward. The Secretary might at his pleasure give it, for example, to the Judges of the Supreme Court, who are now paid in paper; thus increasing or diminishing their compensation by fiat. He might have given it to the Judges of the District Court of the District of Columbia, whilst the Mandamus suit was pending, to let alone or dismiss, as he should think it to them. Undeniably, as matters now stand, the people see, with astonishment, that the amount of pay received by their public representatives on this floor depends upon the will of the Executive officer. This is a monstrous abuse, as it is consistent with the dignity of the House or the safety of the country, that our position in this matter should be thus precarious.

It can be was disposed to look at the subject in another point of view. We had been especially invited to the Secretary's report. The President desires that our attention shall be called to one topic only. We are, it is said, to look at the evils under which the country is subjected by irredeemable paper. At home, or on our way hither, we had seen and felt the evils under which the country is labouring. We had expected that we should be considered elected. Both these statements were clamorously opposed. All would not do, for the hour was come for the Federal Globe was to be decided, in spite of the whole power and influence of the administration.

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THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

TRANSLATION.

When I was a boy,
In my father's mud edifice,
Tender and rosy,
As a pig in a sty;
Out of the door up I
Looked with a moody phiz,
Who but Thaddy Murphy,
The poor, wee boy,
Says Thaddy, "But few play
This game—can you play?
Says I, "I can't tell,
For I never did try."
So he told me that he had a chance
To make the pipes pretty loud; I
Then squeezed a bag under his arm,
Where they set up a squeak!
Pe-ra-la-la-re-la-lee!
Ooh hone!
How he handled the drone!
And then the sweet music he blew
Would have melted the heart of a stone!

For the Inquirer Evening Post.

SOLUTION OF QUESTION.

In Saturday Evening Post, of the 29th ultimo. Suppose the circular hole to be one inch in diameter, then $\frac{12}{\text{one rail three}} = 3$ feet circumference of circle, then per mensuration, 9)36(4=3—7161 for area of circle, and for each lot in feet also 9)7161(=.3412698 for side of square lot, and by mensuration, 1.2588 perimeter of triangle, and .3412698)X4=1.3651913—for its perimeter again 1.2588)4.3651913(=3.4662698 for its perimeter, and 3:1 : 3.3651913=1.132697 for the number of rails for the square, again as 3:1 : 3.4662698=1.1555904 for the number of rails for triangle, then 1.—1.1326974=1.1326974=3.414491 for the number of rails for the three lots, also .7162)=.7162=1.4466 for the area of the three lots, or feet or 3.14466 of an acre by the supposition, but by the question it =3.414491 acres, because that is the number of rails, then by proportion 43560 : .3414491 :: 43560 : 3.414491—for the whole number of acres or rails, hence the perimetre are easily found. *Girard, July 15th, 1837.*

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—"Music," say Chateaubriand, "is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."

Measures for Measure.—Married, in Washington, Mr. Joseph Peck, to Miss Amelia Bushnell. The Providence Journal supposes that a part of the next generation will be *half peck's and half bushels.*

"I give way to no puppy, Sir," said a fellow, interrupting Mr. Wesley as he passed the street —"give way to no puppy!" "I do Sir, said Mr. Wesley, as he stepped round and passed on.

SARCASTIC ATTACKS.—When Napoleon was at Erfurth, he affected one evening at a ball to converse with the literati, particularly with Goethe; and, to make a contrast with the Emperor Alexander, who was dancing, he said to Goethe, loud enough for Alexander to hear—"How well the Emperor Alexander dances." Alexander took his revenge by turning to Napoleon, who had a habit of beating time with his foot, and saying, "How if your majesty rests a time." Napoleon retired with Goethe into a corner of the room, "looking unutterable things."

DINING ALONE.—The author of "The Parson's Daughter," when surprised in an ironclust, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised by saying, "When one is alone the bottle does come round so often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, we believe, who being asked on a similar occasion, "Have you finished all that port three bottles, without assistance?" answered, "No, not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle Madeira."—*Lady Blessington.*

WALTER SCOTT AND THE AMERICAN AUTHORESS.—"One morning (says he) as I sat—as I opened a huge lump of a despatch, without looking how it was addressed, never doubting but it had travailed under some extraordinary freak, like the First Lord of the Admiralty's, when to sad behold, the contents proved to be a Miss play, by a young lady of N. York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, engage it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the managers of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable liberal handsomely for the copy-right; and, on inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough; but there was no help for it; ground and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of no less formidable bulk, arrived, and I was almost enough to break its seal too, without examination. Conceive my horror, when out jumped the same identical tragedy of The Unfortunate Lovers, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the wonds had been hoarsened, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate."

DIALOGUE WITH A LIZARD.—In the East Indian Archipelago, in a species of lizard which utters a sound very much resembling the word "Tookay." A late work, Earle's Indian Archipelago, tells the following story:

An American ship commanded by a Captain Tookay, arrived at Samarang, and the Captain being much fatigued, retired to rest early in the evening at the house of his agent. When on the point of falling asleep, he thought he heard some one call out "Tookay!" "Hallo," said the captain, "what is it. A dead silence. Presently came the voice again. "Tookay." "That's my name answered he, "if you want me come round to the door."

After a short pause he heard his name pronounced a third time, louder than before. "Well" said he, "some savage, are you about chaps altogether, to come to a man's window bawling out his name when he wants to go to sleep; how ever, I'll try if I can't spoil his pipe," and opening the window but not a soul was to be seen. He was on the point of closing it and returning to his bed, when he heard his name called out again, in a tone of suffering anguish, and in the Secaster was immediately dashed on the direction from which the voice proceeded.

The host, and two or three of his friends, happened to be sleeping that night in an adjoining apartment, and they imagined at first that the captain was talking to his sleep, but when they heard the shouting about the room, and standing over the furniture, they thought it high time to interfere; upon their entrance they found the captain boxing with rage, and searching for some other monster to lend in the offered, and it was some time before they could persuade him that he had been holding a conversation with a lizard in a china jug.

"You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones."

Rather, sir, but not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing near close to it one day on a thunder cloud, I saw a squirrel on one of the highest branches. The lightning struck the same branch, about three inches from him, and the squirrel ran out. The lightning had to follow the grain, of course, and it followed it, straight at first, then confounded crooked was that tree, sir, that the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning!

"That's a lie, I swear!" exclaimed the land lord.

"A lie! true sir, true as ever any story was." "Afterwards saw the tree cut down and measured into rails for a long pasture. The logs would count their twenty notes in a day, and so those darn' crooked were there ere rails, that every time the logs got out they found themselves back to the pasture again."

The following table is copied from Schouler, by Hatfeland to his "*Malvinhoide*," in order to exhibit the influence of different occupations and conditions upon the duration of life. Among 616 individuals whose lives were protracted beyond 80 years, there were

Agriculturists	2	Schoolmasters	0
Physicians and Surgeons	14	Soldiers	12
		Noblemen	19
Astronomer	1	Monsters of State	4
Poets	3	Clergymen	50
Painters	3	Citizens	55
Musicians	3	Merchants	10
Bookbinders	18	Housekeepers	10
Clergymen, including Cardinals and Bishops	4	Gardeners	4
	22	Labourers	9
and one Pope		Mechanics*	7
Lawyers	4	Sailors	2
Military officers, including 2 Fieldmarshals	21	Grave-digger	1

* Of these, 11 were Stocking-weavers, 5 Shoemakers, 1 Barber, 1 Baker, 1 Brewer, 1 Fellow, 1 Printer, 3 Tailors. Of other trades a few persons are presented, of the following, some: 1 Soldier-dancer, 1 Rope-dancer, 1 Rope-maker, 1 Carpet-weaver, &c.

THE DEATHS OF KINGS.

William the Conqueror, paid for his enormities fat, from drink, and from violence of his passions. William Rufus died the death of the tyrant which he hunted. Henry the First died of gluttony, having eaten too much of a dish of lampreys. Stephen died in a few days of what was called the iliac passion, which we suppose may be a nosey, having from its name to do with passion. Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by his undutiful children. Richard the broken heart is a very odd complaint for a monarch to die of. Perhaps "rat's-bane in porridge," meant the same thing. Richard the Second, Edward the Second was most barbarously, indecently murdered by the contrivance of his own mother and her paramour. Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Fourth is said to have died "of a painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king. Oh! that the glorious hero of Agincourt should have been got rid of by the priests "by a painful affliction, prematurely." Henry the Fifth died of "natural sickness," a sickness which it would puzzle all the physicians of the present day to name.